THE OCEAN DISASTER.

Public Opinion on the Loss of the Atlantic.

The Metropolis Thrilled by the Terrors of the Great Shipwreck.

WHAT THE PEOPLE THINK.

Fears for the Loved Ones That May Be Lost.

THE COMPANY'S OFFICERS INTERVIEWED.

They Defend the Captain's Character and Deny the Charge of Petty Economy.

WHAT THE CITY MOURNS

A Bridal Party Swallowed by the Sea.

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WAITING FOR THE TIDINGS.

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OPINIONS OF SEAFARING MEN.

The shadow of an awful gloom impended over the city yesterday in consequence of the intelligence conveyed by the morning papers, giving in meagre form the facts of the loss of over seven hundred lives by the wreck of the steamship Atlantic. It was, indeed, a "calamity," and of such terrible proportions that men paused in the selfish bustle of business to bestow a few words of sympathizing comment upon the unfortunate souls so untimely hurried out of the world.

THE FOCUS OF ANXIETY,

of course, was about the office of the White Star line, at Broadway and Bowling Green, where, from early morning until dark, a stream of heartsick and anguish-stricken inquirers sought information of the expected ones from over the sea. Mr. Sparks, the general agent of the line, and Mr. Gartner, the passenger agent, were especially looked for, as all inquirers strove to reach the leading officials, but there was no clerk or other attaché of the office who was not questioned hundreds of times on the subject, until the repetition of the painful replies, that they had no further intelligence from London or the scene of the wreck, became monotonous in the extreme. There was no

SCENE OF EXCITEMENT

such as might be anticipated would have taken place under circumstances so fraught with grief to those concerned. The anxious callers came singly in some instances, and at times in groups of two or three, but it was seldom that more than one person of the group had, or supposed that he had, relatives on board the ill-fated ship.

"Have you any news of the people saved from the Atlantic?" asked a man whose face was begrimed with the smudge of labor and the sweat of anxiety.

"We have not received anything later than that contained in the morning papers," replied Mr. Gartner. "Do you expect any one by that vessel?"

"I do," replied the workman; "my wife and child seven year old."

"Why do you think they might have been aboard the Atlantic?" inquired Mr. Gartner.

"Well, sir, I sent them the money in January to come over, and told

MY WIFE

in the letter to come by this line; and the last letter I got, eight days ago yesterday, she said she expected to start about the middle or end of last month. I got no letter since, and I think it's likely she was on the Atlantic. She was going to sail from Queenstown."

"Well, my friend," responded Mr. Gartner, "we cannot give you any intelligence yet, but as soon as we receive it we shall be only too glad to make it public, so as to at least quiet the fears of the anxious people whose friends are not on board. We have called into service every means that money or human ability can command, both to obtain the full passenger list and the names of the passengers saved, as well as to assist those who have been rescued. Meantime I only hope for the best."

The poor man winced a little under this chilling consolation and responded, "Yes; that's all we can do now, I s'pose, to hope."

A cluster of listeners had gathered about while this dialogue progressed, most of them wearing clothes that betokened them as belonging to the laboring class. They surrounded the speakers and craned their necks forward to hear what words of hope or promise the agent might have to utter.

THESE SCENES

were multiplied hundreds of times during the day and the conversation in all cases was of the same tenor. Business seemed to have ceased almost entirely behind the desks and counters and the clerks were eagerly interviewed by scores of people, as many as half a dozen inquirers listening to the information from a single speaker.

On the sidewalk the great Broadway crowd went past with its usual bustle, and now and then a woman in plain attire stepped aside from the stream to read the sign over the steamship's office door. Then, as if uncertain, and dreading to hear the news she sought, with slow steps she descended the steps leading into the office. Approaching the clerk at the wire-screened desk, she asked timidly:—

"Have you got a list of the passengers saved from the steamer that's lost?"

"We have not," replied the clerk in a softened tone of voice; "but we shall have it as soon as it can be obtained in Halifax and telegraphed to us."

"Ah, dear," sighed the woman. "My cousin, a young girl, Mary Ann Reilly, was coming over to America from Queenstown, and she told me she was going to sail about the 20th of last month, and I'm afraid she was coming on that vessel."

"I think we shall have a list to-night," replied the clerk, and the poor woman slowly turned, passed through the solemn-faced groups of men, who stood in abstracted mood about the office doors, and sighed again as she passed into the street and mingled with the throng that little felt the deep grief and anxiety that oppressed her.

While the reporter stood among a group outside

A DECENT-LOOKING WOMAN,

with a plaid shawl and brown dress, came up the steps from the office holding a handkerchief to her eyes and declaiming in bitter words against the company and all its concerns.

Directing her conversation to the bystanders, she exclaimed:—

"Oh, the bloodhounds! they take people's money and don't care about their lives, and I call on God to curse them all, for they've made me a widow!"

"My dear lady," interposed an onlooker, "perhaps your husband is saved. He may not be lost. Hope on until you hear the worst." He spoke soothingly, but it was of no avail, and the woman raised her hands aloft and cursed the building and all within it, and then walked away, sobbing and mumbling her ejaculations of grief.

"Had you any relatives on board?" asked the reporter of a man who stood bootlessly inquiring of a clerk for news.

"I had; my brother, James Carrigan, was on board," he replied in a voice of sullen sorrow.

"How do you know he was on board?"

"He told me in a letter I got ten days ago that he'd sail from Queenstown on the 20th on the White Star steamer Atlantic," replied the man.

TEARS WELLED INTO HIS EYES,

but he bit his under lip and seemed to squeeze them back.

"And I had a wife and child on her, I'm afraid, too," said a man who stood near.

"Do you know that they were to sail by that steamer, or by this line?" asked the reporter.

"No, not by this steamer, but I told her in my letter to come by the White Star line, and she was to sail about the end of the month."

Later in the afternoon an old man reeled in a drunken condition down the steps leading into the office. A young man, a friend, evidently, was trying to support him, and prevent him from being boisterous and disorderly.

"No! No! I woan't sit down," grunted the old man. By God, my brother is dhrownded, an' d——n their souls, I want to see them about it. I sent him the money to come over, an' now he's dead, dead! Oh, I woan't keep still!"

His friend got him to sit down, and after a few minutes of boisterousness the old man went away, vowing he'd "sell every stitch of clothes he had and keep dhrunk 'till his brother came."

It was strange the effect his maudlin and noisy grief had upon the dozen of quiet people who stood in mute patience in the office. In fact, it seemed to shock them so that their sympathy recoiled from him.

But it was not merely the officers from whom information was sought by these people, who dreaded to hear and yet yearned to know whether their kindred were among the lost. The reporters were as eagerly buttonholed, for the people fancied that

THE COMPANY'S OFFICIALS

had given them intelligence which they would not impart to the friends of passengers.

Scenes like those described above were of continual occurrence throughout the day; but by inquiry among the callers the HERALD reporter found that not one in fifty of them were at all certain that their friends were on board the lost steamer. They simply expected their friends would sail about the time of the Atlantic's departure and dreaded lest they might have been hapless enough to embark on this fatal voyage.

AT THE BULLETINS

about the newspaper offices ever-changing groups of people clustered to read the latest brief announcements from the wreck; but there were few among these who had friends or relatives on board. They were of the great sympathizing mass of humanity and felt appalled at the calamity which had destroyed as many peaceful lives as an army of 50,000 men would ordinarily lose in killed in an average day of battle.

At the hotels, too, among men of business and "men about town," all ordinary subjects of conversation were overshadowed, and the great topic was this fearful ocean disaster. There were comments of blame against the company and of deep imprecation against the commander of the ship. "His greatest misfortune was that he, too, did not

GO DOWN WITH HIS VESSEL.

In that event the world's censure would have been lighter and his crime of neglect would have been sooner forgotten," said a gentleman in the rotunda of the Astor House.

"Yes," remarked his companion, "no matter what explanation or defence he may have he will suffer under the disadvantage of being prejudged everywhere.

THE AGENT'S OPINIONS.

Mr. Sparks Defends the Captain of the Lost Steamer and Expresses His Deep Regret—The Question of Coal Supply—What the Passenger Agent Says.

A reporter of the HERALD called upon Mr. J. Hyde Sparks, the New York agent of the company. This gentleman evidently felt the appalling weight of the terrible disaster upon the future of his heretofore prosperous company. He seemed to fully realize that the prospects of the White Star line were very much imperilled by the loss of the Atlantic. It is currently understood that he is a large stockholder in the line and that the ruin of the company would involve a heavy financial loss to him.

"What are your latest advices from Halifax?" asked the reporter.

MR. SPARKS—The information which we have received to-day has been so very meagre that we know but little more about the disaster than we did this time last night. It is very certain that it is a calamity of the most dreadful nature. That one of our vessels should be so ill-fated as to cause the loss of so many human beings I can hardly realize as yet. Certain it is that none deplore the terrible sacrifice of human life more than ourselves.

REPORTER—Do you ascribe the disaster to negligence?

MR. SPARKS—No, we do not. Captain Williams is an officer of long experience and a man who in every way deserves and has received our confidence. He has a good record as an officer, and never, so far as I can hear, has he been charged with incapacity or neglect of duty. Various theories—such as a temporary derangement of the compass or a dense fog—have already been advanced; but for my part I am utterly at a loss to account for the calamity. We shall subject Captain Williams, if he is alive, to

A MOST THOROUGH INQUIRY

as soon as he arrives either in Liverpool or this city. It is not yet positively known that he is among the saved. Certain it is that he was possessed of a great amount of personal courage. His conduct when an officer on the steamship Republic convinced us of what he could do when it was necessary. He also received a very flattering testimonial from the Guion Company when he left.

REPORTER—You are, then, in considerable suspense as to the ultimate extent of the disaster?

MR. SPARKS—The return of the steamers Delta and Lady Head will bring us fuller details of the disaster, together with full lists of the saved. I telegraphed our agent in Halifax, Mr. S. Cunard, to send all information obtainable.

REPORTER—Is it true that a duplicate copy of your passenger list has been sent by mail upon one of the other steamers?

MR. SPARKS—I believe it to be the custom of all lines. We will certainly have a copy of the passenger lists on the steamships Algeria or City of Montreal. We do not know certainly which vessel carries it; but until this document arrives it will be impossible, I fear, to furnish a full list of the steerage passengers. The cabin passenger list came over from London this afternoon, and will be given to the newspapers. We have learned that all the ship's papers were lost.

REPORTER—Have you

SENT AN AGENT

from this city to the scene of the disaster?

MR. SPARKS—Yes; we despatched Mr. J. J. Pennell, the wharf superintendent, last night, upon the first receipt of the dreadful intelligence. He has a *carte blanche* order to provide for the wants of the saved, to procure clothing and comfortable quarters and to forward all to any part of the United States or the Canadas free of expense. The agents of the company are determined to show by every possible means yet within their power their full realization of the sorrow and grief which the loss of the Atlantic has entailed. It is nothing short of a great calamity.

REPORTER—When may your agent be expected to arrive in Halifax?

MR. SPARKS—Not before to-morrow (Thursday), so that we do not look for any information from him before that time. It is probable that some of those saved from the wreck will be in the city by to-morrow evening. I do not know what I can say further. Certain it is that I wish we had information in detail to appease the clamorings of all the relatives of the ill-fated passengers on the Atlantic.

REPORTER—Was it the custom of your company to take coal enough on this side to make the voyage to Europe and return?

MR. SPARKS—This report circulated yesterday is not true. I desire to authoritatively contradict it.

REPORTER—Is it a common occurrence for your steamers to start with a short allowance of coal?

MR. SPARKS—On the contrary, on every previous occasion

THERE HAS BEEN A SURPLUS OF COAL

in the steamers of the White Star line upon their arrival at this port. I am, therefore, unable to understand how it was that on this occasion the supply ran short in eleven days. It is, however, no uncommon occurrence for one or more steamers of each Liverpool line to adopt the same course as that which has resulted so very fatally in this instance.

REPORTER—Where will the official investigation into the causes of the disaster be held?

MR. SPARKS—In Liverpool, before the Board of Trade. The destruction of the vessel and cargo is a secondary consideration to us. The Atlantic is insured for nearly her full value.

REPORTER—Do you think that there is any likelihood that the loss of life will be greater than reported?

MR. SPARKS—On the contrary, I believe that it will be less. When our agent reaches Halifax the saved will be mustered and their names taken. It is impossible amid such confusion as prevails there to guess within twenty-five or fifty of the actual number saved. I am in hopes that the number taken on at Queenstown was smaller than it is now believed to be.

WHAT THE PASSENGER AGENT SAYS.

Mr. Gartner, the passenger agent of the White Star Company, was visited by a HERALD reporter yesterday afternoon. Mr. Gartner appeared deeply affected by the dreadful disaster, which had not only brought such an unexampled destruction of human life, but threatened to swallow up all the bright prospects which their company had believed to be in the future. He appeared to feel that the interests of his company were greatly jeopardized.

"This is certainly a terrible calamity, probably the worst which ever occurred on the sea," began Mr. Gartner. "We are anxiously awaiting details from Halifax."

"How do you account for the vessel being so short of coal, after an eleven days' trip, in the months of March and April?" asked the reporter.

"The only explanation which I can make is that the engines had been burning much more coal than usual. The usual daily allowance has been about eighty tons. On this passage, against violent head winds, the draught in the furnaces must have been greatly increased, and the coal was consumed very rapidly. The consumption must have equalled 100 tons per day. There is no question that the coal bunkers were filled before starting. It is absurd to suppose that the company would send a valuable ship to sea short of coal."

"What is the average time occupied in the westward passage by vessels of your line at this season of the year?" asked the reporter.

"From ten to thirteen days. The Atlantic did not have less than eleven hundred tons of coal in her bunkers, and this is sufficient to complete the voyage, except in rare cases. As is well known, it is not an unusual event for vessels to put into Halifax short of coal. There is scarcely a vessel in any of the Liverpool lines which has been running any length of time but has put into Halifax for some reason or other, including shortness of coal supply. The present high price of coal in England did not have anything whatever to do with the apparent shortness of the supply. Is it probable that we would jeopardize our property so greatly for the sake of a few pounds sterling, to be saved by buying coal at Halifax to complete the voyage?"

"Was the Atlantic, from what you can learn, over-crowded with passengers?" asked the reporter.

"Not at all," said Mr. Gartner. "One thousand steerage passengers are frequently carried on our vessels. In fact, there is scarcely any large steamship which will not accommodate that many or more."

CAPT. WILLIAMS AS AN OFFICER.

Having learned that Captain J. A. Williams, of the ill-fated steamship Atlantic, had formerly been in the employ of the Williams & Guion Steamship Company, a reporter of the HERALD called upon Mr. Cortis, the passenger agent of that line.

"Did you know Captain Williams?" the reporter asked.

"Yes, quite intimately. When in port he was always a welcome guest at my house," replied Mr. Cortis. "It was not until my return from Europe, after a visit, that I learned that Captain Williams had left the employ of our company. Personally, I do not know why he left the company."

"When did he first enter the service of your line?" asked the HERALD reporter.

"He began about 1865 or '66 as Chief Officer of the Manhattan, under Captain Price. This was the first vessel sent out by our company, and Captain Williams had previously served in the National line. He became captain of the Manhattan as soon as Captain Price was transferred to the Colorado. Mr. Williams as a commanding officer gave great satisfaction."

"How was he liked by the passengers?" asked the reporter.

"He was well liked, so far as I could see. I crossed the Atlantic with Captain Williams, and I believed him to be an efficient officer. Dr. Holland was on the same voyage, and spoke in the highest terms of his ability," replied Mr. Cortis.

"Do you know him to be a sober man?" asked the reporter.

"As I said before, he has dined in my house frequently," said Mr. Cortis; "he would not even take a glass of wine at my table. I believe that the stories circulated regarding Captain Williams being an intemperate man are maliciously untrue."

"Was he a cool-headed officer in the presence of danger?" asked the reporter.

"I have never seen him on severe trial," said Mr. Cortis; "but his actions, while serving as Second Officer on the White Star steamer Republic, about one year ago, when she narrowly escaped being lost at sea in a terrible gale, are sufficient guarantee of his courage. All the boats were broken into pieces, and it was universally admitted that Captain Williams, by his many acts of daring, saved the vessel. By being thrown from one side of the deck to the other he had his leg broken in two places, and remained in St. Luke's Hospital until June last, when he was made First Officer on a vessel of the line. The disaster is very appalling, but when it is considered how many vessels cross the Atlantic it is wonderful so few are lost."

THE OFFICIAL TELEGRAMS FROM THE WRECK.

The following telegrams to the New York offices of the White Star Steamship Company contain all the official information received by them:—

FIRST DESPATCH

received from Halifax—"Steamer ashore at Meagher's Head, near Prospect, thirty miles hence. Stated to be Atlantic, of White Star line, from Liverpool bound to New York. Steamer and tug sent to assistance. Captain and First Officer drowned."

SECOND DESPATCH.

"Government has sent steamship Lady Head, and Cunard's The Delta down to Atlantic. She will be a total wreck. Large number of passengers stated lost. Particulars when received."

THIRD DESPATCH.

"Brady, third officer, arrived, reports making the port short of coal. Heavy gale with rain. Struck on Meagher's Head, Cape Prospect, at two o'clock this morning. Had nearly 1,000 passengers on board; 700 drowned, 250 saved, but no women and children; Chief Officer supposed to be lost; ship a total wreck, cargo still on board; none afloat; may be partially saved."

FOURTH DESPATCH.

"Nothing in the shape of documents saved from the steamship Atlantic. Will get a list if possible on the return of the steamer. List of cabin passengers forwarded."

WHAT THE PEOPLE THINK.

Among the Steamship Men—What Prominent Agents of European Lines Say—What They Think of the Atlantic's Supply of Coal—Interesting and Important Statements.

Visiting the offices of the several steamship companies in the same trade as the White Star line, it was found that, from the gentlemanly agents down to the youngest employé, the sad accident to the Atlantic was the absorbing topic of conversation. Among them all, with but one or two exceptions, the greatest sympathy was expressed for the unfortunate company and for the loss of such a vessel and so many souls.

In propounding questions that would draw from prominent persons belonging to these companies their reasons for the appalling disaster, it was found that an evident disinclination existed among the majority to say much, they arguing that it would not be in good taste under the circumstances, and, though the cause might not be the same, accidents of like nature might occur to their own steamships.

The first gentleman questioned upon the subject holds an important position on one of the largest European lines, and he said, in substance, that the disaster was the most extraordinary and inexplicable thing he ever heard of. It was a mystery that the steamer, assuming the Third Officer's story as published in the HERALD yesterday morning to be correct, should be

SENT TO SEA

on a twelve days' voyage with ten days' supply of coal. At this season of the year and in the Winter, when adverse winds are expected, it was the custom of the line to which he is connected to give their ships eighteen and twenty days' supply of coal, and during the Summer months fifteen days'. Though the majority of the companies have contracts to furnish their ships all the coal necessary, these in many instances have been disregarded by the contracting parties, as the advanced price of the fuel, within the past few months, has made bankrupts of them, and difficulty has been experienced, in some cases, in obtaining the quantity desired just before sailing. Whether this was so or not with the Atlantic the interviewed gentleman could not tell, and he would await the official investigation sure to be made in England. Yet he would say that the whole affair was a puzzle, and he could not possibly assign any reason why the officers' reckoning should be so faulty, and thought it inexplicable that Captain Williams should be asleep just at a time when his services were the most required on deck.

THE NEXT GENTLEMEN CALLED UPON

held a position similar to the above, and has vast experience in the ocean trade, the line with which he is connected being one of the first in the business. In the matter of furnishing their steamers with coal, he said that their slower vessels always received in coming this way sixteen days' supply and the faster ones fourteen days'. It was the experience of their company in Europe that the supply of coal was very limited, and they had recently been compelled to send their own vessels to Cardiff in order to obtain the necessary quantity to give their many steamers. This gentleman further said that late Tuesday evening, when the news of the disaster was first received, he knew that the White Star Line gentlemen in this city theorized that it was not the limited supply of coal that caused the Atlantic to be headed for Halifax, but rather that

SOMETHING HAD GONE WRONG

with the vessel's machinery, and that was the only available port. It was hardly fair to charge the White Star Company with meanness in supplying their vessel with fuel, as the absence of the Atlantic from this port, in addition to the first great loss sustained, is a daily deficit of £250 to £300. Yet it had been his fear and the fear of many of his friends that the way the vessels of the White Star Line were pushed for the purpose of making fast trips must one day result in some terrible calamity, and though his regret was of the keenest nature he was not surprised to hear what befell the Atlantic. With the machinery of a steamship, as with everything else, there is a limit to which it can be worked, and a constant, terrible strain, such as was the case with many of the vessels of the line in question, must result in a breakdown, and it was not yet certain that this did not occur, causing Captain Williams to seek safety in Halifax harbor.

Still another gentleman of a different line was then called upon, and as he has all the control in New York of a fleet of the largest steam clippers that ply the Atlantic his opinion is of importance. To him the disaster was most appalling and his sympathy was extended to the company, but

HE CONDEMNED CAPTAIN WILLIAMS,

as when approaching a dangerous coast at night, with a thousand souls in his charge, he should not have been asleep, but at his post on the bridge; and should the charge of the saved third officer in this respect be true the captain should be tried for manslaughter and transported. The coal now obtained in Europe for steamship consumption was much inferior to what it used to be, sixty tons a few months ago being equal for steaming purposes to eighty tons now. There was plenty to be had if the price asked was paid; but prudent officers now sent a larger supply than ever before, because of its inferior quality. With the vessels of the line which he controls there was always supplied them in Winter twenty days' consumption and in Summer seventeen days', and during eight years but one of their vessels had been compelled to put into Halifax for fuel. He felt that the loss of many ocean steamers was due to the negligence of the commanding officer, and it was a pity that some of them should not be made to feel the strong hand of the law. It was time now to begin in this wise.

Other agents were visited, and the gist of their stories regarding the cause of the disaster were alike to the above. Yet some of them would not express an opinion until they could hear further from the scene of the disaster.

THE FATAL COAST.

The disaster was yesterday almost the only topic of discussion among the seafaring men who congregate about the foot of Burling slip, East River, and many and sage were the opinions expressed about the terrible loss of a great vessel and seven hundred human lives. A HERALD reporter was on duty thereabouts and listened with interest to the current talk which issued from the gruff lips of the bronzed seamen whom he met near the steps of the office of the Pilot Commission. One of the owners of these was the skipper of a brig which is now lying at pier No. 3 East River and is named euphoniously The Crescent. He had about him the unmistakable jolly air of the chief in command of a saucy craft, and wore slouched over his eyebrows a heavy tarpaulin hat, on his shoulders a loosely-fitting, antiquated coat of a yellow hue and on his feet a pair of huge cowhide top boots. He invited the reporter good-naturedly to follow him, and

LED THE WAY WITH A ROLLING GAIT

down through the crowd on South street and the jam of drays and people at the foot of Broad street to the dock where his vessel was lying, and jumped on board with a nimble step. The hold was being stuffed with freight by the crew, consisting of two men and three or four brown-faced boys. The visitor penetrated with apprehensive thoughts a narrow and dark companion-way into the cabin, a low and close compartment, the walls, ceiling and floor of which seemed covered with grease. The atmosphere was close and stifling, and the rude signs of the disordered occupancy of men impressed an idea of the hardships of the life which they led. The bunks were open and the bedclothes upon them were of a filthy description. Two of the crew had just risen and were pulling on their boots, and wore a very sleepy appearance. They quickly went out and the skipper asked the reporter to seat himself on a stove, which he did, and began to state the reason of his coming. He then first noted that the "skipper's" right eye was in deep mourning.

INTERVIEW WITH A COASTWISE SKIPPER.

"I caught a bad cold in my eye," said he.

"I want to ask you," said the reporter, "whether you can give me any ideas regarding the nature of the coast of Nova Scotia, west of Halifax?"

"Wal, yes, I ought ter, as I run up in that 'air direction most o' the time. It's purty dangerous, and needs an experienced hand at the helm."

"What about Prospect Cape or Mar's Head? Is there a light there?"

"No; the rocks are dangerous and sharp, and ocean steamers very seldom get in this vicinity unless they're short of coal."

"What color has the light of Cape Sambro?"

"That light is red. The nearest light west of it is on Iron-Bound Island."

The skipper went into his room and brought forth an admiralty chart, on which he traced with his bony finger the course that would be taken by the mariner in entering Halifax harbor, and the dangers which lay by the way.

"The best mark to be followed in making the entrance is Sambro Lighthouse, on a small island off the cape, on the western side of the harbor, latitude 44 degrees 30 minutes and longitude 63 degrees 32 minutes. The light is 210 feet above the level of the sea. A detachment of artillery are always stationed there with two twenty-four-pounders, and when the weather is rough they fire at regular intervals to warn approaching vessels of their position."

"What do you think was the reason of the Atlantic not taking the right direction in shore?"

"SHE MUST HAVE LOST HER WAY,

and the weather must have been too rough for any lights to have been seen. The light on Cape Sambro cannot be seen at a greater distance than fifteen miles in the clearest weather, and in a haze it could not be seen at all at half that distance."

The skipper and the reporter slowly groped out of the cabin and parted on the deck. The latter then wended his way back to Burling slip and into the office of the Pilotage Commission, at the corner of South street. Here he found Captain George W. Blunt engaged in looking at an immense chart of the Nova Scotia coast, which was stretched out upon a table. After receiving him the Captain picked up the train of his thoughts and uttered them aloud thusly:—

"Why, sir, in regard to this accident, I don't think that any navigator, however good he may be in his science and experience, can tell where he is on a stormy night like that of Monday by an observation taken on the day before; and I don't think the captain of a vessel should be below in any case when she is thirty miles from land and is heading in shore. His position should be on deck."

"What about the report that

THEY SAW A LIGHT

which they supposed to be that of the Sambro Lighthouse?"

"There is no proof that they saw the light. It is probable that they depended altogether upon their observations of latitude and longitude, the uncertainty of which must at this season of the year be very great. The atmospheric refraction is apt to put the instruments in fault by at least a variation of ten miles, and he is a good navigator who makes his position out so nearly as that. When a ship is heading toward land, and within thirty miles of it, he should feel his way very cautiously and have a good man at the lookout." Turning to the map—"Now, this coast is very dangerous. I do not think that there is any light at Mar's Head. If there is one it must have been placed there since the publication of the charts which I have, and in all probability it must have been different from one in such close proximity as that of Cape Sambro, which is fixed and white, so that they could be easily distinguished. The next light to the Sambro Light on the chart is twenty miles to the westward, and is red."

THE CAUSE OF THE CATASTROPHE.

"To what from your knowledge of the coast would you attribute this catastrophe?"

"Of course I would not like to say much on that point until we are possessed of fuller facts. But I think the cause must have been in the too great confidence of the captain in his knowledge of his position. No master of a ship has a right to be below in such an emergency."

"Can you remember the circumstances of any shipwrecks which have occurred in that locality?"

"I think it was in '53 that the Humboldt ran on the rocks off Cape Sambro. Captain Lyons, an experienced and very clever officer, was in command, and they put into Halifax for coal. A man boarded her claiming to be a pilot. Captain Lyons asked him for his license, and he said he had left it ashore. The Captain had at first mistrusted him, and he was now about to take the command from him, when the ship struck and went down. The pilot turned out to be a fisherman, and he caused the underwriters a loss of $750,000."

The reporter bid the Captain goodby, and, soon afterwards, called upon Messrs. Williams & Guion, at their office in Wall street, in whose employ the master of the fatal vessel had formerly been. They gave him a very good reputation, saying that he had had command of four of their steamships—the Manhattan, Nevada, Colorado and Wisconsin. He began as a junior officer, and won his way up to the highest position.

AT THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

The universal theme of conversation at the Merchants' Exchange yesterday was the terrible disaster. Crowds gathered there to learn, if possible, additional news from Halifax, and many who have been speculating for several days past upon the probable great advance in gold forgot even their infatuation in the feeling of universal sympathy for nearly 700 families who this night mourn for the dead. Telegrams were received at the ship news department during the day and were read with all the avidity which characterized the reports of battles during the late war. Men who are usually seen rushing pell-mell through the crowd walked slowly yesterday. The universal feeling seemed to be—"This is terrible!" Much

THE SAME SHUDDER

went through the community some weeks since when the Northfleet was lost, but her passengers were bound to far-off Australia and their death did not so sensibly affect Americans. This disaster, however, is nearer home. These people, whose bodies were yesterday being tossed ashore by the waves, would, in a few hours more, have landed at our wharves, and their number would have been added to those lists showing the great increase in the nation's population.

AT THE EXCHANGE.

At the Shipping Exchange, the Pilot Commissioners' office and in the numerous shipping offices along South and West streets the loss of the Atlantic was the universal theme of conversation. The comments which were made upon the management of the vessel and the actions of the Captain on the fatal night were not favorable to the officers of the steamer.

WHAT NEW YORK MOURNS.

A Bridal Party Swallowed with the Wreck—The Merritt Family Lost—Brothers and Sisters Dying Together—One of the Saved Heard From—Anxious Hearts Inquiring for Expected Ones.

A reporter of the HERALD was despatched to find out the particulars concerning citizens of New York city who were lost on the wreck of the Atlantic.

The first persons inquired about were the family of the Merritts. Mr. James S. Merritt and his wife and sister, who resided in Thirty-fifth street, and Miss Scrimser, formerly living with her family in Forty-fifth street, were all lost together. The tale of this family is a peculiarly sad one. Mr. Merritt was a bachelor of about forty years of age. He came to reside in this city some three years ago from Poughkeepsie, where he had formerly lived as a merchant. He was a man of means and frequented the best society of the city. He became acquainted with Miss Mary Scrimser in this manner, and proposed marriage and was accepted. On the 2d of April, 1872, just one year ago, the couple were married, and for their wedding tour went to Europe in the identical vessel in which they since met their terrible death. While in Europe they visited all the Continental countries and about six months ago returned to Paris, where Mr. Merritt wrote inviting his sister, Miss Merritt, and Miss Annie Scrimser, a sister of his wife's, to join them. The two young ladies started off alone, also by a vessel of the White Star line, and arrived in Paris in safety. The family, then consisting of four persons, started out together again, visiting Italy, and finally arrived back in London, writing to the family here their proposed return by the Atlantic. They did as they proposed and left Liverpool by that steamer. They all met death in the same manner, and by this sudden calamity the family of the Merritts is wiped out as it were in one blow. Mrs. Merritt and Miss Annie Scrimser, both daughters of the well-known dry goods merchant, are said to have been ladies of great personal charms and accomplishments, and they were well known by a very large circle of acquaintances in this city, who will hear of this terrible ending with the greater sorrow that their youth and beauty would seem to have promised a long career of joy and happiness in this life. Miss Merritt was a little older than either of the two other ladies, but was also a genial and kind-hearted lady. Of all those who have been lost in the Atlantic no one's story is probably so sad a one as this. It was the first trip any of them had made to Europe. A brother of Mrs. Merritt (Mr. Schrimser) started for Halifax as soon as the news of the shipwreck had arrived.

MR. JOHN PRICE.

Mr. John Price, who was also a cabin passenger in the Atlantic, is one of the lost. He was a lawyer, and had his office at 151 Broadway, in this city, and lived near Mount Vernon, in Westchester county. Two ladies (one of them Miss Brodie, mentioned among the lost) were in his charge, and all three have gone down with the hundreds of others. Mr. Price had been about eight months in Europe and the two ladies a somewhat lesser time. Mr. Price was well known as a lawyer in this city. He had been connected with William M. Tweed and Cornelius Carson in establishing the Eastchester Bank, at Mount Vernon, and was one of the directors of the bank until just before he left for Europe. When he arrived at the determination of returning here by the Atlantic he sent a message by cable to his home stating that such was his intention, and the two ladies requested that prayers might be offered at the Episcopal churches of Mount Vernon and Tuckahoe for their safe arrival. This was done on several occasions; but a mysterious Providence has chosen otherwise than to grant them, and the three persons have met their sudden death like the many hundred others who perished together. When the news of the disaster came to the house Mr. Price's sister was taken with an attack of heart disease, from which she will probably never recover. Mr. Price's mother, aged eighty-eight, was almost killed by the shock.

THE ROSE SISTERS.

On Tuesday evening a young gentleman of prepossessing appearance and evidently laboring under strong emotion was anxiously asking news of the fate of the Atlantic at the clerk's office of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. When questioned about the strong interest he seemed to evince in the fate of the vessel, he said that he was the brother of two sisters who were on board the Atlantic. The particulars of the loss of the vessel were not known at that time, and the anxiety of the young man was something very painful to behold. It proved that his name was Mr. James Rose, and the two sisters he was inquiring about so anxiously were the two Misses Rose whose fate has since become certain. The family was in good circumstances, and the two young ladies had gone over under the charge of another family. They became homesick and wished to return immediately, however, and they were put under the Captain's charge by their friends. Both were very young and very accomplished. Such a death is a terrible bereavement to the family, for it leaves no daughter in the home circle.

MR. JOHN BRINDLEY.

Mr. John Brindley was the purchasing agent of E. & J. Willets & Co., 44 Barclay street. He represented the firm in Bursiem, Staffordshire, England. There his wife and his children reside. By this time they will have learned of the sad fate of their kindest and best friend. He parted with a smile, with a thousand kisses, "soon to return," and now they will never see him again.

One of the Passengers Saved.

Mr. Adolf Jugia was one of the cabin passengers on board the Atlantic. He is a son of the glove manufacturer of Broadway, Mr. D. Jugia. The son had been at the head of the branch in Paris, and had been joined lately by his father in that city, Mr. Trauttet being left in charge of the business here. A day before the Atlantic sailed a telegraphic despatch was sent that Mr. Adolf Jugia was to sail by the Atlantic. When the news of the wreck came the part of the family which was in this city naturally felt the greatest anxiety as to the fate of the son of the house, more particularly as he was announced in the afternoon despatches as having been one of those who were dead. Then the grief knew no bounds. At seven o'clock in the evening, however, a despatch came from Halifax. It ran as follows:—

A. A. TRAUTTET, New York:—
Saved. Will remain two or three days longer here. Have telegraphed to Paris.
ADOLF JUGLA.

Half an hour afterwards came a second despatch:—

Send gold draft for $100 to Halifax Hotel.
JUGLA.

Naturally these telegrams diffused the liveliest joy among the family, who in true French style celebrated the happy news by a little entertainment. It appears that Mr. A. Jugia is only twenty-two years of age and already has seen a good deal of life. He fought in the first siege of Paris and was also shut up in the devoted city during the Commune. This was his first trip across the Atlantic, and it came very near being his last. He escaped, it appears from a subsequent despatch, by hanging in the rigging and was taken ashore by fishing smacks. He lost everything he had in the world, and among them an extensive stock of goods. He will be in the city on Sunday morning.

Fears for Expected Voyagers.

During the day a large number of persons, probably a thousand, called at the company's office and inquired after their friends. Among the callers were:—

John McGrath, of Fourteenth street and Eighth avenue, who expects his brother, Patrick McGrath, of Dublin.

Mary Keogh, who expects her cousin Bridget Mary Brown.

Patrick Fogerty expects his father, who was here before, and his sister Annie with two children.

James Day, of Brooklyn, expects Bridget Day.

Henry Smith, of Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, expects Thomas Maguire, of Dublin.

James Murphy, of Seventy-fourth street, called to inquire after his sister-in-law, Agnes Rogers, of Liverpool, and her two children.

Mr. C. Kempf, of Hudson, expects Mr. H. Weill and his son John.

Theodore Katzer, of 241 Rivington street, expects Theodore Sauer and three children, named Hubert, Theodore and Clara.

James Henry is expected by his cousin, Patrick Henry, of 257 Bowery.

Abraham Wrigley, of 532 West Forty-third street, expects William Taylor, who resided at Newark, where he carried on a gutta percha manufactory. He left three months ago for Europe, leaving his two children here.

Jane Lynch, of Cortlandt street, expects her nephew, John Myles, aged eighteen. His sister, residing on Staten Island, paid his passage.

David Calvert, of Paterson, N. J., called and stated that his wife and a five-year-old child were on board. The poor man is nearly distracted.

Mr. Henry S. Hewitt, of the firm of W. J. Best & Co., of 448 Broome street, was to sail from Liverpool on the 20th of last month, unless advised to the contrary. No such advices were sent, and it is feared that he was on the ill-fated steamer.

A young man employed by John Mott & Co., merchants, as a salesman, saved his money and sent for his father, mother, two sisters and a brother, and fears that they embarked on the Atlantic.

Andrew Buckley, of Hoboken, sent for his wife and child from Liverpool, and says he is almost certain that they were passengers on the lost vessel.

There are also expected Julia Collins, Eliza Welsh, Mary Buckley, Gustav Podoli, August Klatt and John Taylor.

CRIMINAL CUPIDITY.

Culpable Negligence and Disregard for Prudence Charged on the Managers of the White Star Line—Safety Sacrificed to Speed—Former Experience Recklessly Ignored.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1873.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Your editorial in this days' paper in regard to the loss of the steamship Atlantic will awaken a feeling of inquiry and of indignation which should have been excited long ago. My business compels me to make comparisons of steamship voyages and